*Prin.* What ſaiſt thou, *Miſtris quickly*? how does thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honeſt man.

*Hoſt.* Good my Lord, heare me.

*Fal.* Prethee let her alone, and liſt to mee.

*Prin.* What ſaiſt thou, *Iacke*?

*Fal.* The other night I fell aſleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pick't, this houſe is turnde bawdy-houſe, they picke pockets.

*Prin.* What didſt thou loſe, *Iacke*?

*Fal.* Wilt thou beleeue me, *Hal*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds apeiece, and a ſeale Ring of my grandfathers.

*Prin.* A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

*Hoſt.* So I told him, my Lord, and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: and, my Lord, hee ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgell you.

*Prin.* What he did not?

*Hoſt.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me elſe.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for womanhood, Mayd-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

*Hoſt.* Say, what thing, what thing?

*Fal.* What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

*Hoſt.* I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it: I am an honeſt mans wife, and ſetting thy Knight-hood aſide, thou art a knaue, to call mee ſo.

*Fal.* Setting thy Woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt, to ſay otherwiſe.

*Hoſt* Say, what beaſt, thou knaue, thou?

*Fal.* What beaſt? why, an Otter.

*Prin.* An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

*Fal.* Why? ſhee's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

*Hoſt.* Thou art an vniuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

*Prin.* Thou ſayeſt true, *Hoſteſſe*, and hee ſlaunders thee most groſely.

*Hoſt.* So hee doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other day, You



You ought him a thouſand pound.

*Prin.* Sirra, doe I owe you a thouſand pound?

*Falſ.* A thouſand pound, *Hall*? a Million: thy L Million: thou oweſt me thy loue.

*Hoſt.* Nay, my Lord, he called you *Iacke*, and cudgell you.

*Fal.* Did I, *Bardoll*?

*Bar.* Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you ſayd ſo.

*Fal.* Yea, if he ſayd my Ring was Copper.

*Pri.* I ſay tis copper: dar'ſt thou be as good as t

*Fal.* Why *Hal*? thou knowſt, as thou art but but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as I feare the Lyons whelp.

*Prin.* And why not as the Lyon?

*Fal.* The King himſelfe is to be feared, as th thou thinke ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? pray God my Girdle breake.

*Prin.* O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fall ab But ſirra, ther's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor boſome of thine; it is all fild vp with Guts, Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy poc horeſon impudent imboſt raſcall, if there were a pocket, but tauerne reckonings, *memorandums* ſes, and one poore penniworth of Sugar-cand long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with ries but theſe, I am a villaine; and yet you will ſ will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not aſham

*Fal.* Doſt thou heare, *Hal*? Thou knowſt, in th cency, *Adam* fell: and what ſhould poore *Iacke* the dayes of villany? thou ſeeſt, I haue more fle man, and therefore more frailty: you confeſſe the

*Prin.* It appeares ſo by the ſtory.

*Fal.* *Hoſteſſe*, I forgiue thee: goe make ready b thy Husband, looke to thy Seruants, cheriſh t ſhalt finde me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: pacified ſtill: nay, I prethee be gone.

Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the robber that anſwered?